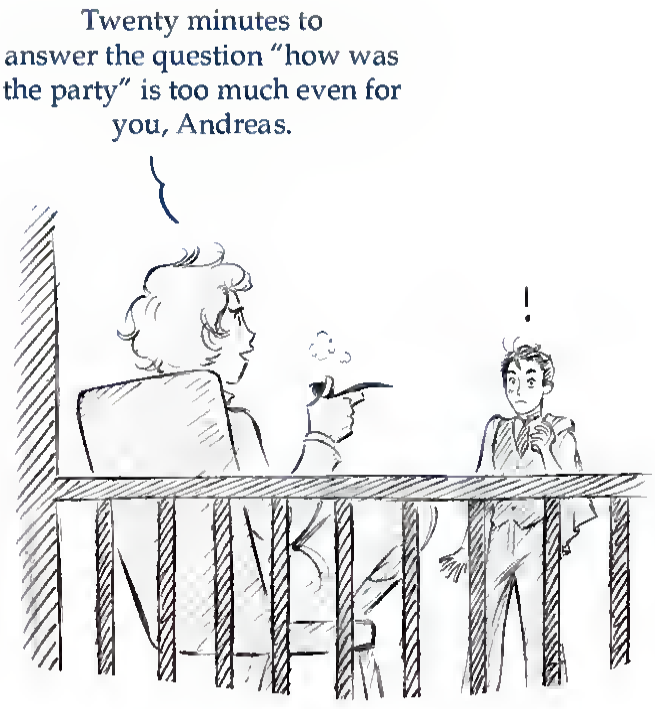
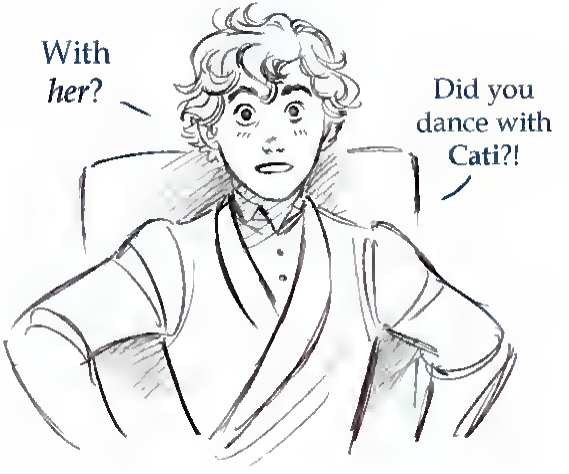
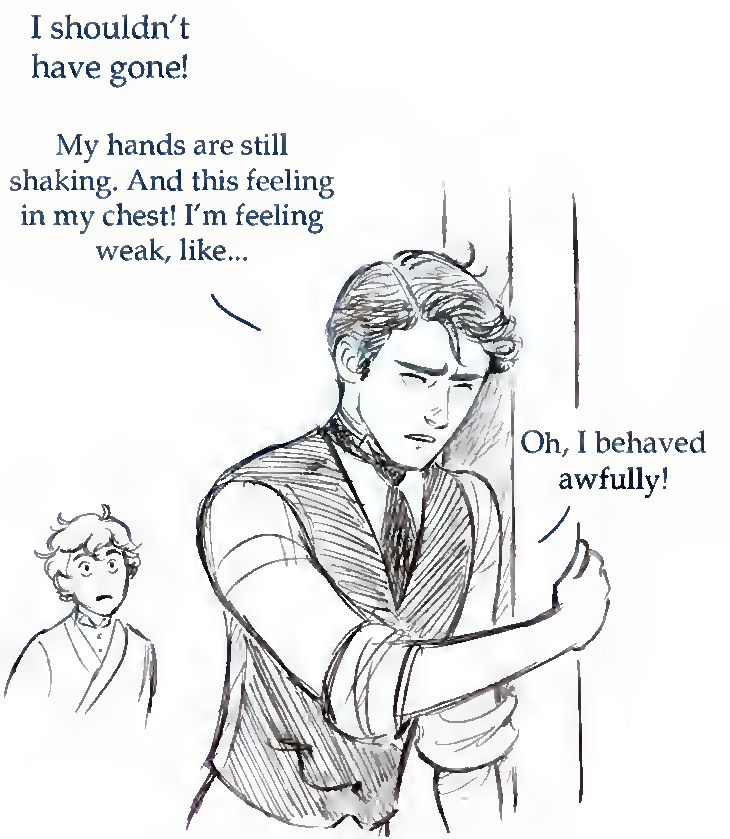

Twenty minutes to answer the question "how was the party" is too much even for you, Andreas.
!

I heard your violin from here. Did you dance as well?

Apparently nobody expected that, but yes, I danced.

Really?
With whom?
With... hm...
people.
tap
tap
tap


With *her*?
Did you dance with Cati?!

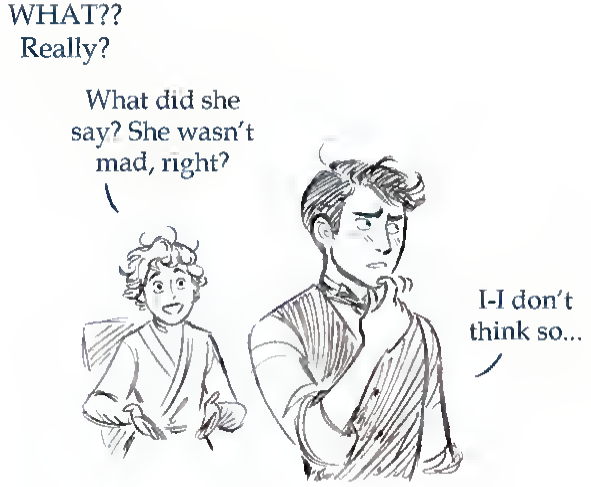

I shouldn't have gone!
My hands are still shaking. And this feeling in my chest! I'm feeling weak, like...
Oh, I behaved awfully!

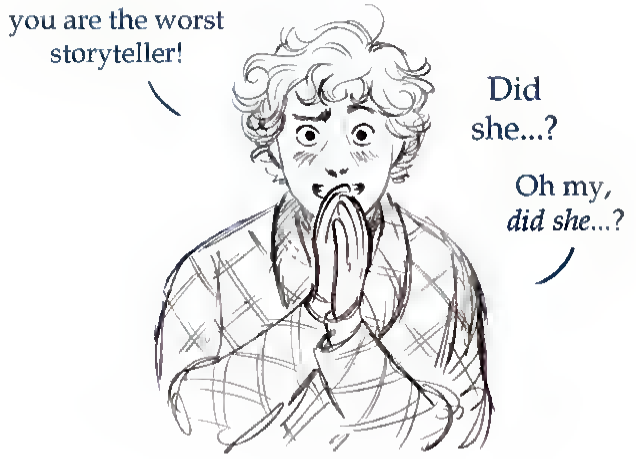
Heavens, did you offend Cati?
How?

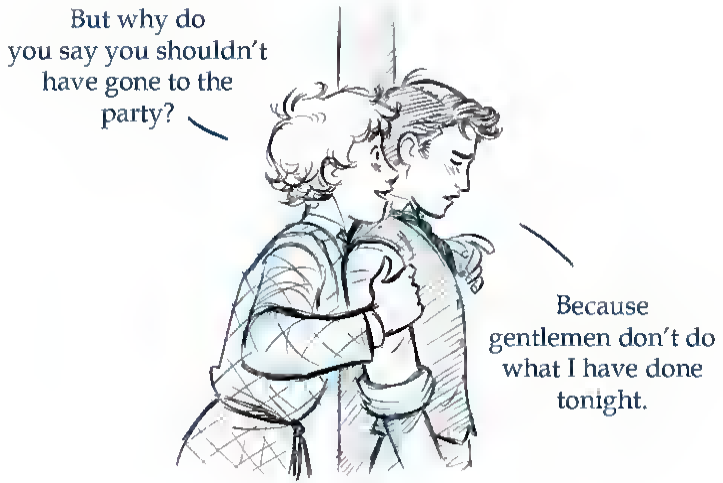
I didn't
offend her!

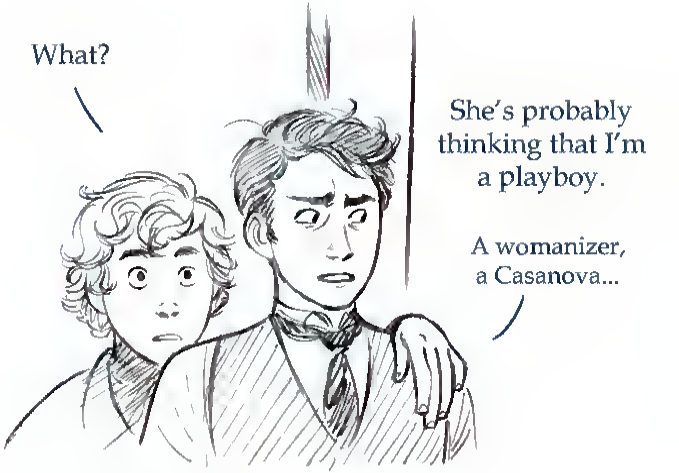
Or maybe I did...
But what have you *done*?!

I kissed her.


WHAT??
Really?
What did she say? She wasn't mad, right?
I-I don't think so...


Andreas,
you are the worst
storyteller!
Did
she...?
Oh my,
did she...?


I'm so proud of you!
But why do you say you shouldn't have gone to the party?
Because gentlemen don't do what I have done tonight.


What?
She's probably thinking that I'm a playboy.
A womanizer, a Casanova...

And... and everytime I think about what happened my heart starts pounding.
I might have *tachycardia*!

I hate having tachycardia, I hate that my hands are shaking!
I hate feeling the urge to go see her!!

You're a disgrace to all single men, you know?

Miss Abbott and the doctor

STORY + ART
Maripaz Villar